

SERMON

Preach'd at

CHELTENHAM,

Before a POLITE AUDIENCE,

On Sunday, August 5, 1750.

By the Reverend Mr. EDWARD PICKERING B. D. A. M.

Which occasioned his being silenced for three Years.



L O N D O N

Printed for J. BROWN, in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

(From the True Original Copy.)

To the Would-Be most Reverend Dr. SNEAD.

DOCTOR,

IF you remember, last *Sunday* at *Cheltenham*, I preached before you and a very polite Congregation. Those of the best Family, most Wit, and most Beauty, have prevailed upon me to print my Sermon; and none but such, I assure you, could have prevailed. After Sermon, we received the Sacrament together; and, after that, you most charitably came to the Coffee-House, and there openly declared, that you would sooner have been dead (which, God knows, would have been no loss, but to your most ingenious Party) than have heard the Preacher. Now, good Doctor, was there not a Part of the Communion Service where you are to be in Charity with all the World? Repent, and go and hang thyself; for I never saw a more proud, more ill-natured, ignorant Creature in my Life.

Cheltenham,
Aug. 5, 1750.

*I am your most abused,
but still forgiving Brother,*
Edw. Pickering Rich.



A P R A Y E R.

YE shall pray for Christ's holy Catholic Church; the Churches of *England* and *Ireland*. Pray ye likewise for his sacred Majesty King *George*; send him safe home from *Hanover*, and that he may never go there again: For their Royal Highnesses *Frederick*, Prince of *Wales*, the Princess of *Wales*, the Duke, the Princesses, and all the Royal Family: Pray ye likewise for the two Universities of this Land; grant that *Loyalty*, Learning, and good Manners, may, in those Places, always flourish and abound. Pray ye likewise for Archbishops and Bishops; send some of them to be more Orthodox, and more full of Faith. Bless both Houses of Parliament, and send the Majority of *them* (for they greatly want it) more Honesty and Understanding.

To these our Prayers let us add our Thanksgiving for all God's Mercies and Blessings, especially for the Redemption of the World by Jesus Christ, his blessed Son, and our Lord and Saviour; who hath taught us thus in few Words to pray:

Our Father, &c.

ECCLES. i. 2.

Vanity of Vanities, says the Preacher ; Vanity of Vanities ; all is Vanity.

THOUGH *Solomon* had sweet Music to delight his Ear, beautiful Women, delicious Gardens, and glittering Buildings to please his Sight ; exquisite Meats and Drinks to satisfy his Taste ; yet you find that even Beauty, (most beautiful of all) the richest, finest Wines ; Harps ever tun'd with sweet melodious Voice, and Amaranthine Bowers themselves were vain : Who then can judge so well as *Solomon* the wise ? Who teach us better who pleased every Sense, and by Experience found, that all was vain ? Try then to prove what *Solomon* asserts.

First, Women, lovely Women, first of all in my Esteem ; but even those Women I must prove are vain. Suppose they've ' Grace in all ' their Steps, Heaven in their Eyes, in all their Gestures Dignity and ' Love, as my dear Poet * elegantly sings ; yet still how fleeting are those Joys they give ; those dear high Joys that but a Moment last. Suppose they've Wit at Will, then will their Tongues for ever, ever run, and the poor Husband deem'd, nay call'd a Fool.

Next then we'll prove the Vanity of Wine, fallacious, false, intoxicating Juice. Wine, when too plentifully drank, creates Suspicion and severe Mistrust, most noisy Quarrels, and even the Blood of those that erst were Friends. Wine spurs us on full fast to violate our Friend's Daughter, or our Neighbour's Wife. O, Drunkenness ! thou Antipathy to Sight, too unpolite for such an Audience here to hear thy beastly Name.

Next, then, how vain, how very vain, to take the Dread, the Great Almighty's Name in vain ; yet the *great vulgar* use it every Day.

Now for that mean mechanic Sin, a Lye ; a Lye, that Men of Honour frequent tell, but cannot brook the Word, A L Y E, again.

Least now you falsely judge that I am a Doctor* ; grave, formal, sour, and a foe to Joy, know then that all such Creatures I despise.

Attend, attend, and you will find I'm not.

First then, I greatly praise the Marriage, spotless Bed ; but then your

* MILTON in his *Paradise lost*

† Dr. SNEAD.

Consort must be very fair, meek, prudent, virtuous. What is her Wealth, if you, like *Saul*, must see an *Endor's Witch*?

Such are those Fools that marry sole for Gold; such ev'ry Day see, and pity them.

From hence the Harlot joyless, unendear'd, meets her rich Master in Masquerade, and gives him off the Malady of *France*. Polite distemper Such Favours France bestows.

But now indulge the Bowl, drink plentifully round to *CHBD WORTH'S* Health? but Drunkenness, that beastly Sin, abhor.

Like me, with great Sincerity speak Truth, as I e'erwhile most boldly did to Bolinbroke the wife; but O! the base, false Bolinbroke; false to his Queen, nay to his Country false; and would be false to thee, wife *GEORGE*! but you most prudently trust not his Honour.

A Hypocrite no mortal Man can know; none but a God can search his double Heart.

Ingratitude's so monstrous and so black a Crime, that none but Devils ever practise it.

But who comes yonder, creeping in my Sight?—A half-starv'd Miser! Penny-less tho' Rich; counting his illgot Treasure *cent. per cent.* The Man that God and Men of Spirit hate.

O! may all Misers Heirs full soon enjoy their heap'd-up Treasures with a gen'rous Mind.

Well then, all earthly Joys, you find, are Vain, as I by much experience tell you so: For I those vanities too oft have try'd, and still am able to pursue the same; but hope that Heaven will forbid the thought.

Believe me, Heaven is the Place alone where great and lasting joys are to be found; and if you ask the Preacher, which the way that must lead thither?—Fear your glorious God; all his Commandments keep, for they are lasting, pleasant, sweet, and full of Peace.

So to God Father, &c.

F I N I S